

The Bloomfield Gazette.

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Knowledge and wisdom, far from being one, have oftentimes no connection. Knowledge dwells
In heads replete with thoughts of other men; Wisdom in minds attentive to their own.—COWPER.

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FIVE CENTS.

FOR THE BLOOMFIELD GAZETTE.
1872-1873.

Lying on his couch of fallen leaves, wrapped in a fleecy mantle, with withered limbs, hoarse voice, and snowy beard, beheld a venerable man. His pulse beats feebly; his breath becomes shorter; he exhibits every mark of approaching dissolution. This is Old Eighteen Hundred and Seventy-two; and as we all remember him when he was young, as blithe and rosy, we are oppressed by a feeling of sadness as he approaches nearer and nearer to his end.

This year is the son of Old Father Time, and the youngest of his very numerous progeny; for he had no less than 6,812; but it has always been his unhappy fate to see one child expire before another came into existence. Some self-sufficient would-be prophets are of the opinion that his constitution is getting weak, and that this is his last child, if so, his family being complete, he himself will be no more.

Old Time was born far back in the absorbing periods of eternity, at so remote a period that we are overpowered by the sublimity of the almost endless number of years that he has brought into existence. The present year, like many of its predecessors, was born amid language of joy and congratulation. Its advent was hailed with mirth and festivity, every face beamed with pleasure, save perhaps the withered countenance of some old Scrooge. In some places the event was announced by the deep sound of great bells heard amid the silence and stillness of night; in others by solemn thanksgiving and hymns of praise. The world "rang out the Old, rang in the New." But the old toils and griefs went on as before, proving too clearly that man was made to mourn.

In his onward course, Old Father Time, armed with his dreadful scythe, cut away another hour, another day, until he had mown down his own grand-daughter, January, and in her place mild February sprang up. In their turn blustering March, gentle April, with many tears, June, crowned with roses, and all the rest fell prey to this remorseless mower, until now the last and fiercest of the year's fair daughters, December, lingers with us, and we have no doubt father and daughter will pass away together, forever, leaving us one step nearer to our plunge into the sea of eternity. Let us, then, take care of the remaining hours of the dying year, improving each moment. When it has passed away, let us think of it solemnly as our departed friend.

A NIGHT ADVENTURE.

FROM THE DOCTOR'S FIRE-SIDE.

Scene.—During the Old French War.
"Should you discover the position of the enemy," continued Sir William Johnson to Sybrandt, "you must depend upon your own sagacity, and that of Timothy Weasel for the direction of your subsequent conduct."

"Timothy Weasel! who is he?"

"What! have you never heard of Timothy Weasel, the Varmounter, as he calls himself?"

"Never."

"Well, then, I must give you a sketch of his story before I introduce him. He was born in New Hampshire, as he says, and in due time, as is customary in these parts, married, and took possession, by right of discovery, I suppose, of a tract of land in what was at that time called the New Hampshire grants. Others followed him, and in the course of a few years a little settlement was formed of real 'cute Yankees, as Timothy calls them, to the amount of sixty or seventy men, women and children. They were gradually growing in wealth and numbers, when one night, in the depth of winter, they were set upon by a party of Indians from Canada, and every soul of them, except Timothy, either consumed in the flames or massacred in the attempt to escape. I have witnessed in the course of my life many scenes of horror, but nothing like that which he describes, in which his wife and eight children perished. Timothy was left for dead by the savages, who, as is their custom, departed at the dawn, for fear the news of this massacre might rouse some of the neighboring settlements in time to overtake them before they reached home. When all was silent, Timothy, who, though severely wounded in a dozen places, had, as he

says, only been 'playing possum,' raised himself up and looked around him. The smoking ruins, mangled limbs, blood-stained snow, and the whole scene, as he describes it with quaint pathos, is enough to make one's blood run cold. He managed to raise himself upright, and, by dint of incredible exertions, to reach a neighboring settlement, distant about forty miles, where he told his story, and then was put to bed, where he lay some weeks. In the meantime, the people of the settlement had gone and buried the remains of the unfortunate family and neighbors. When Timothy

got well, he visited the spot, and while viewing the ruins of the houses, and pondering over the graves of all that were dear to him, solemnly devoted the remainder of his life to revenge. He accordingly buried himself in the woods, and built a cabin about twelve miles from hence, in a situation the most favorable to killing the 'kitters,' as he calls the savages. From that time until now he has waged a perpetual war against them, and, according to his own account, sacrificed almost a hecatomb to the names of his wife and children. His intrepidity is wonderful, and his sagacity in the pursuit of this grand object of his life beyond all belief. I am half a savage myself, but I have heard this man relate stories of his adventures and escapes which make me feel myself, in the language of the red skins, 'a woman' in comparison with this strange compound of cunning and simplicity. It is inconceivable with what avidity he will hunt an Indian; and the keenest sportsman does not feel a hundredth part of the delight in bringing down his game that Timothy does in witnessing the mortal pangs of one of the 'kitters.' It is a horrible propensity; but to lose all in one night, and to wake the next morning and see nothing but the mangled remains of wife, children, all that man holds most dear to his inmost heart, is no trifle. If ever man had motive for revenge, it is Timothy. Such as he is, I employ him, and find his services highly useful. He is a compound of the two races, and combines all the qualities essential to the species of warfare in which we are now engaged. I have sent for him, and expect him here every moment."

As Sir William concluded, Sybrandt heaved a long dry sort of "He-e-m-m," ejaculated just outside the door. "That's he," exclaimed Sir William; "I know the sound. It is his usual expression of satisfaction at the prospect of being employed against his old enemies the Indians. Come in, Timothy."

Timothy accordingly made his appearance, forgot his bow, and said nothing. Sybrandt eyed his associate with close attention. He was a tall, wind-dried man, with extremely sharp, angular features, and a complexion deeply bronzed by the exposures to which he had been subjected for so many years. His scanty head of hair was of a sort of ashy-brown color; his beard of a month's growth at least, and his eye of sprightly blue never rested a moment in its socket. It glanced from side to side, and up and down, and here and there, with indescribable rapidity, as though in search of some object of interest, or apprehensive of sudden danger. It was a perpetual silent alarm.

"Timothy," said Sir William, "I want to employ you to-night."

"He-e-m-m," answered Timothy.

"Are you at leisure to depart immediately?"

"What, right off?"

"Ay, in less than no time."

"I guess I am."

"Very well—that means you are certain."

"I'm always certain of my mark."

"Have you your gun with you?"

"The kitter is just outside the door."

"And plenty of ammunition?"

"Why, what under the sun should I do with a gun and no ammunition?"

"Can you paddle a canoe so that nobody can hear you?"

"Can't I? He-e-m-m."

"And you are all ready?"

"I expect so. I knew you didn't want me for nothing, and so got every thing to hand."

"Have you anything to eat by the way?"

"No; if I stay out only two or three days, I shan't want anything."

"But you are to have a companion."

Timothy here manufactured a sort of

linsey-woolsey grunt, betokening disapprobation.

"I'd rather go alone."

"But it is necessary you should have a companion; this young gentleman will go with you."

Timothy hereupon subjected Sybrandt to a rigid scrutiny of those busy eyes of his, that seemed to run over him as quick as lightning.

"I'd rather go by myself," said he again.

"That is out of the question, say no more about it. Are you ready to go now—this minute?"

"Yes."

Sir William then explained the object of the expedition to Timothy much in the same manner he had previously done to Sybrandt.

"But mayn't I shoot one of these tarnal kitters if he comes in my way?" said Timothy, in a tone of great interest.

"No; you are not to fire a gun, nor attempt any hostility whatever, unless it is neck or nothing with you."

"Well, that's what I call hard; but maybe it will please God to put our lives in danger—that's some comfort."

The knight now produced two Indian dresses, which he directed them to put on somewhat against the inclinations of friend Timothy, who observed that if he happened to see his shadow in the water, he should certainly mistake it for one of the tarnal kitters, and shoot himself. Sir William then with his own hand painted the face of Sybrandt so as to resemble that of an Indian—an operation not at all necessary to Timothy; his toilet was already made; his complexion required no embellishment. This done, the night having now set in, Sir William, motioning silence, led the way cautiously to one of the gates of Ticonderoga, which was opened by the sentinel, and they proceeded swiftly and silently to the high bank which hung over the narrow strait in front of the fort. A little bark canoe lay moored at the foot, into which Sybrandt and Timothy placed themselves, and on the bottom, each with his musket and accoutrements at his side, and a paddle in his hand.

"Now," said Sir William, almost in a whisper, "now, luck be with you, boys; remember, you are to return before daylight without fail."

"But, Sir William," said Timothy, "now, mayn't I take a pop at one of the tarnal kitters, if I meet 'em?"

"I tell you, No! I repeat the other; unless you wish to be popped out of the world when you come back. Away with you, my boys."

Each seized his paddle; and the light feather of a boat dived away with the swiftness of a bubble in a whirlpool.

"Is play hard," muttered Timothy to himself.

"What," quoth Sybrandt.

"Why, not to have the privilege of shooting one of these varmints."

"Not another word," whispered Sybrandt; "we may be overheard from the shore."

"Does he think I don't know what a what!" again muttered Timothy, plying his paddle with a celerity and silence that Sybrandt vainly tried to equal.

The night gradually grew dark as pitch. All became of one color, and the earth and the air were confounded together in utter obscurity, at least to the eyes of Sybrandt Westbrook. Not a breath of wind disturbed the foliage of the trees that hung invisible to all eyes but those of Timothy, who seemed to see best in the dark; not an echo, not a whisper disturbed the dead silence of nature, as they darted along unseen and unheeded, at least, our hero could see nothing but darkness.

"What!" aspirated Timothy, at length, so low that he could scarcely hear himself; and after making a few strokes with his paddle, so as to shoot the boat out of her course, cowered himself down to the bottom. Sybrandt did the same, peering just over the side of the boat, to discover if possible the reason of Timothy's manoeuvres. Suddenly he heard, or thought he heard, the measured sound of paddles dipping lightly into the water. A few minutes more and he saw five or six little lights glimmering indistinctly through the obscurity, apparently at a great distance. Timothy raised himself up suddenly, seized his gun, and pointed it for a moment at one of the lights; but recollecting the injunction of Sir William, immediately resumed his former position. In a few minutes the sound of the paddles died away, and the lights disappeared.

"What was that?" whispered Sybrandt.

"The Frenchmen are turning the tables on us, I guess," replied the other. "If that boat isn't going a-spying just like ourselves, I'm quite out in my calculation."

"What with lights? They must be great fools."

"It was only the fire of their pipes, which the darkness made look like so many candles. I'm thinking what a fine mark these lights would have bin; and how I could have peppered two or three of them, if Sir William had not bin so plucky obstinate."

"Peppered them! why, they were half-a-dozen miles off."

"They were within fifty yards—the kitters; I could have broke 'all their pipes as easy as kiss my hand."

"How do you know they were kitters, as you call the Indians?"

"Why, did you ever hear so many Frenchmen make so little noise?"

This reply was perfectly convincing; and Sybrandt again enjoining silence, they proceeded with the same celerity, and in the same intensity of darkness as before, for more than an hour. They brought them, at the swift rate they were going, a distance of at least twenty miles from the place of their departure.

Turning a sharp angle, at the expiration of the time specified, Timothy suddenly stopped his paddle as before, and cowered down at the bottom of the canoe. Sybrandt had no occasion to inquire the reason of this action; for, happening to look towards the shore, he could discover at a distance numerous lights, glimmering and flashing amid the obscurity, and rendering the darkness still more profound. These lights appeared to extend several miles along what he supposed to be the strait or lake, which occasionally reflected their glancing rays upon its quiet bosom.

"There they are, the kitters," whispered Timothy excitedly. "We've trapped 'em at last, I sware. Now, mister, let me ask you one question—will you obey my orders?"

"If I like them," said Sybrandt.

"Ay, like or no like. I must be captain for a little time, at least."

"I have no objection to benefit by your experience."

"Can you play Ingen when you are put to it?"

"I have been among them, and know something of their character and manners."

"Can you talk Ingen?"

"No!"

"Ah! your education has been sadly neglected. But come, there's no time to waste in talking Ingen or English. We must get right in the middle of these kitters. Can you creep on all-fours without making up a cricket?"

"No!"

"Plague on it! I wonder what Sir William meant by sending you with me. I could have done better by myself. Are you cleared?"

"Try me."

"Well, then, I must make the best of the matter. The kitters are camped out—I see by their fires—by themselves. I can't stop to tell you everything; but you must keep close to me, do just as I do, and say nothing; that's all."

"I am likely to play a pretty part, I see."

"Play! you'll find no play here, I guess, mister. Set down close; make no noise; and if you go to sneeze or cough, take right hold of your throat, and let it go downwards."

Sybrandt obeyed his injunctions; and Timothy proceeded toward the light, which appeared much farther off in the darkness than they really were, handling his paddle with such lightness and dexterity that Sybrandt could not hear the strokes. In this manner they swiftly approached the encampment, until they could distinguish a confused noise of shoutings and hallooings, which gradually broke on their ears in discordant violence. Timothy stopped his paddle and listened.

"It is the song of these tarnal kitters, the Utawas. They're in a drunken frolic, as they always are the night before going to battle. I know the kitters, for I've popped off a few, and can talk and sing their songs pretty considerably, I guess. So we'll be among 'em right off. Don't forget what I told you about doing as I do, and holding your tongue."

Cautiously plying his paddle, he now shot in close to the shore whence the sounds of revelry proceeded, and made the land at some little distance, that he might avoid the sentinels, whom they could hear ever and anon challenging each other. They then drew up the light canoe into the bushes, which here closely skirted the waters. "Now leave all behind but yourself, and follow me," whispered Timothy, as he carefully felt whether the muskets were well covered from the damps of the night; and then laid himself down on his face and he crawled along under the bushes with the quiet celerity of a snake in the grass.

"Must we leave our guns behind," whispered Sybrandt.

"Yes, according to orders; but it's a plucky hard case. Yet upon the whole it's best; for if I was to get a fair chance at one of these kitters, I believe in my heart my gun would go off clean of itself. But hush! shut your mouth as close as a powder-horn."

After proceeding some distance, Sybrandt, getting well scratched by the briars, and finding infinite difficulty in keeping up with Timothy, the latter stopped short.

"Here the kitters are," said he, in the lowest whisper.

"Where?" replied the other, in the same tone.

"Look right before you."

Sybrandt followed the direction, and beheld a group of five or six Indians seated round a fire, the waning lustre of which cast a bluish light upon their dark countenances, whose savage ex-

pression of the debauch in which they were engaged. They sat on the ground swaying to and fro, backward and forward, and from side to side, ever and anon passing round the canoes, and from one to the other, and sometimes rudely snatching it away when they thought either was drinking more than his share. At intervals they broke out into yelling and discordant songs, filled with extravagant boasts of murders, massacres, burnings, and plunderings, mixed up with threatnings of what they would do to the red-coat long knives on the morrow. One of these songs recited the destruction of a village, and bore a striking resemblance to the bloody catastrophe of poor Timothy's wife and children.

Sybrandt could not understand it, but he could hear the quick suppressed breathings of his companion, who, when it was done, aspirated, in a tone of smothered vengeance, "If I only had my gun!"

"Stay here a moment," whispered he, as he crept cautiously toward the noisy group, which all at once became perfectly quiet, and remained in the attitude of listening.

"Huh!" muttered one, who appeared by his dress to be the principal.

Timothy replied in a few Indian words, which Sybrandt did not comprehend; and raising himself from the ground, suddenly appeared in the midst of them. A few words were rapidly interchanged; and Timothy then brought forward his companion, whom he presented to the Utawas, who welcomed him and handed the canteen, now almost empty.

"My brother does not talk," said Timothy.

"Is he dumb?" asked the chief of the Utawas.

"No; but he has sworn not to open his mouth till he has struck the body of a long knife."

"Good," said the other; "he is well-come."

After a pause he went on, at the same time eyeing Sybrandt with suspicion; though his faculties were obscured by the fumes of the liquor he still continued to drink, and hand round at short intervals.

"I don't remember the young warrior. Is he of our tribe?"

"He is; but he was stolen by the Mohawks many years ago, and only returned lately."

"How did he escape?"

"He killed two chiefs while they were asleep by the fire, and ran away."

"Good," said the Utawas; and for a few moments sunk into a kind of stupor, from which he suddenly roused himself, and grasping his tomahawk, started up, rushed toward Sybrandt, and raising his deadly weapon, stood over him in the attitude of striking.

Sybrandt remained perfectly unmoved, waiting the stroke.

"Good," said the Utawas again; "I am satisfied; the Utawas never shuts his eyes at death. He is worthy to be our brother. He shall go with us to battle to-morrow."

"We have just come in time," said Timothy. "Does the white chief march against the red-coats to-morrow?"

"He does."

"Has he men enough to fight them?"

"They are like the leaves on the trees," said the other.

By degrees Timothy drew from the Utawas chief the number of Frenchmen, Indians, and *couteurs de bois*, which composed the army; the time when they were to commence their march; the course they were to take, and the outlines of the plan of attack, in case the British either waited for them in the fort or met them in the field. By the time he had finished his examination, the whole party, with the exception of Timothy, Sybrandt, and the chief, were fast asleep. In a few minutes after, the two former affected to be in the same state, and began to snore lustily. The Utawas chief nodded from side to side; then sunk down like a log and remained insensible to everything around him, in the sleep of drunkenness.

Timothy lay without motion for awhile, then turned himself over, and rolled about from side to side, managing to strike against each of the party in succession. They remained fast asleep. He then cautiously raised himself, and Sybrandt did the same. In a moment Timothy was down again, and Sybrandt followed his example without knowing why, until he heard some one approaching, and distinguished, as they came near, two officers, apparently of rank. They halted near the waning fire, and one said to the other in French, in a low tone:

"The beasts are all asleep: it is time to wake them. Our spies are come back, and we must march."

"Not yet," replied the other; "let them sleep an hour longer, and they will wake sober." They then passed on, and when their footsteps were no longer heard, Timothy again raised himself up, motioning our hero to lie still. After ascertaining by certain tests which experience had taught him that the Indians still continued in a profound sleep, he proceeded with wonderful dexterity and silence to shake the priming from each of the guns in succession. After this, he took their powder-horns and emptied them; then, seizing up the tomahawk of the Utawas chief, which had dropped from his hand, he stood over him for a moment with an expression of deadly hatred which Sybrandt had never before seen

in his or any other countenance. The intense desire of killing one of the kitters, as he called them, struggled a few moments with his obligations to obey the orders of Sir William; but the latter at length triumphed, and motioning Sybrandt, they crawled away with the silence and celerity with which they came; launched their light canoe and plied their paddles with might and main. "The morning breeze is springing up," said Timothy, "and it will soon be daylight. We must be tarnal busy."

And busy they were, and swiftly did the light canoe slide over the wave, leaving scarce a wake behind her. As they turned the angle which hid the encampment from their view, Timothy ventured to speak a little above his breath.

"It's lucky for us that the boat we passed coming down has returned; for its growing light space. I'm only sorry for one thing."

"What's that?" asked Sybrandt.

"That I let that drunken Utawas alone. If I had only bin out on my own bottom, he'd have bin stun dead in a twinkling, I guess."

"And you, too, I guess," said Sybrandt, adopting his peculiar phraseology; "you would have been overtaken and killed."

"Who? I? I must be a poor kitter if I can't dodge half a dozen of these drunken varmints."

A few hours of sturdy exertion brought them at length within sight of Ticonderoga, just as the red harbingers of morning striped the pale green of the skies. Star after star disappeared, as Timothy observed, like candles that had been burning all night and gone out of themselves, and as they struck the foot of the high bluff whence they had departed, the rays of the sun just tipped the peaks of the mountains rising toward the west. Timothy then shook hands with our hero.

"You're a hearty kitter," said he, "and I'll tell Sir William now you looked at that tarnal tomahawk as if it had bin an old pipe-stem."

Without losing a moment, they proceeded to the quarters of Sir William, whom they found waiting for them with extreme anxiety. He extended both hands toward our hero, and eagerly exclaimed—

"What luck, my lads? I have been up all night waiting your return."

"Then you'll be quite likely to sleep sound to-night," quoth master Timothy, unbending the intense rigidity of his leathern countenance. "I am of opinion if a man wants to have a real good night's rest, he's only to set up the night before, and he may calculate upon it with certainty."

"Hold your tongue, Timothy," said Sir William, good-humoredly, "or else speak to the purpose. Have you been at the enemy's camp?"

"Right in their very bowels," said Timothy.

Sir William proceeded to question, and Sybrandt and Timothy to answer, until he drew from them all the important information of which they had possessed themselves. He then dismissed Timothy with cordial thanks and a purse of yellow boys, which he received with much satisfaction.

"It's not of any great use to me, to be sure," said he as he departed; "but somehow or other I love to look at the kitters."

As to you, Sybrandt Westbrook, you have fulfilled the expectations I formed of you on our first acquaintance. You claim a higher reward; for you have acted from higher motives and at least equal courage and resolution. His majesty shall know of this; and in the meantime call yourself Major Westbrook, for such you are from this moment. Now go with me to the commander-in-chief, who must know of what you heard and saw."

FOR THE BLOOMFIELD GAZETTE.
THE SOCIAL PARADOX.

PERMIT me, in the exercise of my prerogative as a temporary citizen of this metropolis, to offer some observations on the apparent anomalies which modern society presents. We take it that to insure the safety, protect the interests, and uphold the civil rights of the community, it is an imperative necessity that its laws be vigorously enforced, and justice impartially accorded to all. Now let us see how far this is consistent with the administration of justice, among us in New York, to-day.

Buckshot was recently convicted of murder and sentenced to undergo the extreme penalty of the law. So far, so good; but what followed? A civil dignitary, in an adjacent city, in the arrogance of his judicial authority, or, perchance, from some other cause—the gods forbid! should insinuate the nature—estimated in law, "a stay of proceedings" in "the cause." Foster, known as the ear-hook murderer, after a lengthened and exhaustive trial, was also convicted by an intelligent jury, and sentenced to be hanged; his case being of the most aggravated character, and absolutely without justification. Again this same Knight of the

Ermine, this modern Solomon, interposed his official authority and, *mirabile dictu*, granted another "Stay of proceedings."

In strong contrast to the case just cited, Reynolds's, another murderer, was tried, convicted, sentenced, and hanged, within sixty days of the commission of his crime, and on his tombstone might be appropriately engraved this epitaph, "Died by hanging, not because he deserved death more than others who likewise violated God's commandment, but because he lacked the wherewithal to purchase Judge and Jury."

While this is true of New York, we have only to look with pride upon our own New Jersey, who never falls short of absolute perfection, so far as that perfection is attainable in the administration of justice to criminals. She is the object of endless vituperation from scoundrels and rogues, and "distance" does, indeed, lend enchantment to them.

Compare these cases with the recent administration of municipal affairs, and what a picture have we? Yet the corruption in what should be immaculate purity, of motive, at least, is looked upon leniently, or, if indignation is momentarily aroused, the cause is forgotten in the next day's whirl of business excitement and the insatiable pursuit after riches. *Tempora mutantur et nos mutamur in illis* applies.

Without enumerating the many murders that have stained the civil record of New York within the past few years, without descending to the thrilling details which have chilled its moral atmosphere, we would assert that some well-defined line of action, some wielding of the sword of justice, some awakening of the lethargic principles of law and order, are vociferously demanded, and if, as it would appear, our criminal jurisprudence is unable to cope successfully with crime, nor calculated to suppress vice, in the thousand and one forms it assumes among us, surely the time has come when the *vox populi* must manifest itself, and demand a remedy for these glaring inconsistencies. Men must arouse themselves to action when their lives are in their hands.

There is no city famed with a better code of laws than New York, and yet, disgraceful though it be, there is no city in the country where law is regarded with such persistent contempt.

But a short time since, the deliberate murder of A. F. O'Neil, a man whose sole offence lay in the fact of his having given evidence in a cause adverse to the interests of his murderer, filled the public mind with horror. And now, another crime stains the annals of the metropolis, and another wealthy assassin will be accommodated with elegant and luxurious apartments in the Tombs, and the community doomed to witness the farcical burlesque of another murder trial, beginning in quibblings and delays, and ending in nothing. The account of this tragedy has been read with feelings of indignation and alarm. That one villain should slay another is not so much a matter for discomfited grief, on the part of law-abiding citizens, but it is cause for indignation and alarm that the murderer should have no fear of punishment before his eyes. It has been aptly said, that if the butchery of Nicholas Durysse by Z. E. Simmons should result in awakening our citizens to a realization of the weakness of our laws, and stimulating them to demand a remedy, this sickening tragedy will have had its use. But these cases should remain in abeyance, *per se*, a blot upon our national escutcheon. Prompt and decisive measures must be taken to rid our country's history of these unseemly stains, which, instead of growing beautifully less, thicken from day to day.

Our social economy affords a striking paradox; when personal safety and the liberty of the citizen is ignored. When those principles of social equality, which we esteem the groundwork of our moral government, are ruthlessly invaded by the element of ruffianism, which constitutes the chief proportion of the citizenship of our large cities, if there is not some substantial reform in our social system, if there is not some discouragement at work, I imagine that the time has arrived when crime will receive the full punishment which it deserves, and which an outraged justice unrelentingly demands.

New York, December, 1872.

William

